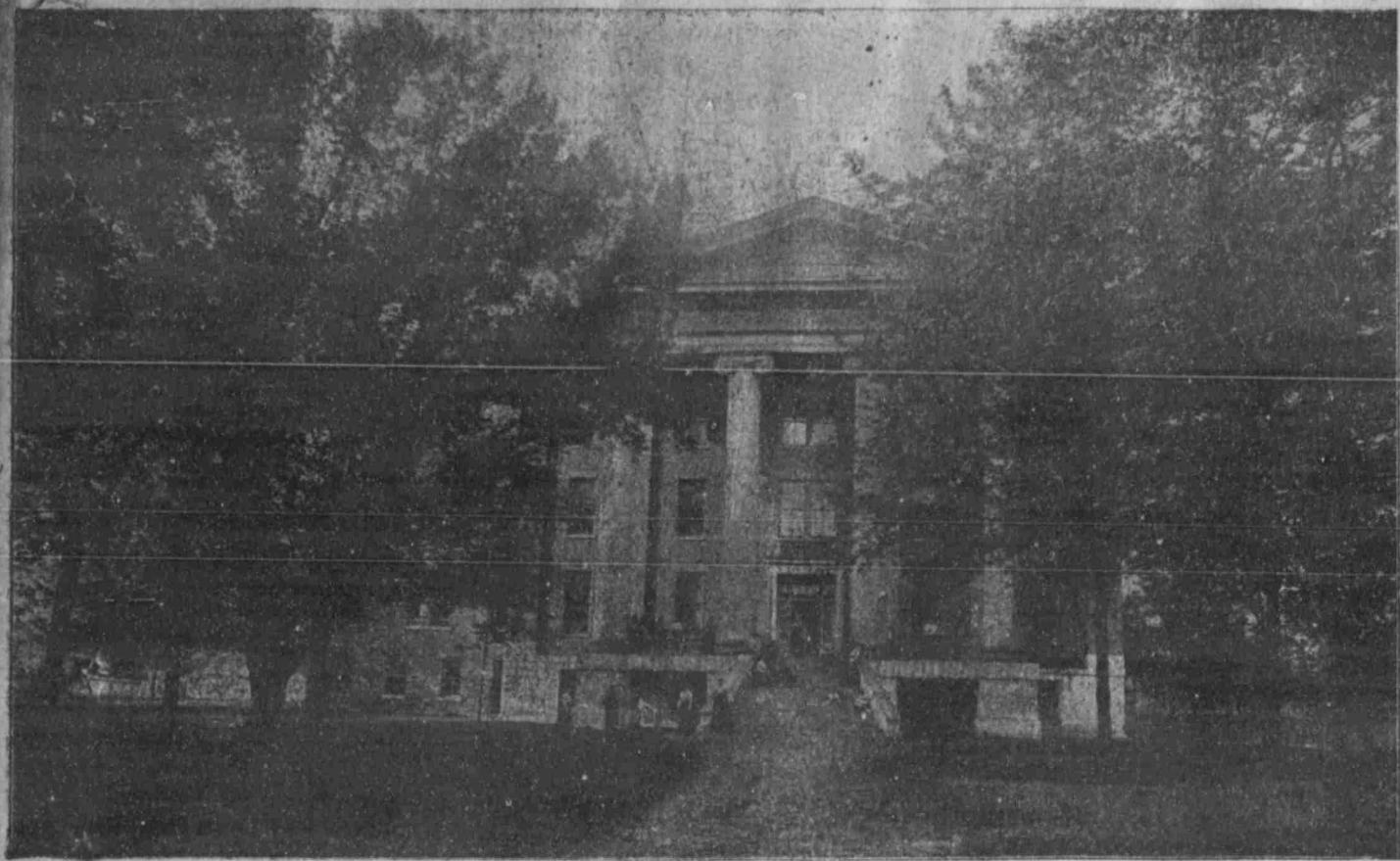


# Bethel Female College,

## HOPKINSVILLE, KY.



### Select School for Young Ladies and Girls.

FACULTY of 10 Competent and Experienced Teachers. Thorough Training and Instruction in Scientific Department, in Music, Instrumental or Vocal; in Elocution and Physical Culture; in Stenography and Typewriting; and in Art.

The classes of Wm. H. Harrison, who has accepted the Presidency of Bethel (male) College, Russellville, will be taught by a thoroughly qualified and accomplished teacher.

MISS ELIZABETH JONES, Graduate New England Conservatory, Boston; who teaches Piano, Harmony, Theory and Musical History; and MISS J. ESTELLE MOONEY, Graduate New England Conservatory, and of Emerson Colleges of Oratory, Boston, enter the faculty with the highest testimonials of ability, experience and successful work.

MRS. M. E. STONE, M. A., enters the faculty as presiding teacher, with testimonials of superlative degree as to her scholarly attainments, varied culture, ability and experience as an instructor of Literature, History, &c.

The management of the College will continue under Prof. Edmund Harrison, and will be characterized by Courtesy, Justice and Thoroughness of Work. A true home-school for the care and education of the true woman. Send your daughters. Write for Catalogue.

**EDMUND HARRISON, President.**

## Planters Bank & Trust Co.,

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Capital - = \$50,000.00.

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Account of Individuals, Firms and Corporations Solicited. Liberal Treatment. Conservative Policy.

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Acts as executor, administrator, guardian and trustee under wills. Seeks desirable loans on real estate and makes investments for individuals.

### Safety Deposit Boxes.

Very convenient for the customer. Safe, private and indisputable to the average business public and furnishes an easy security for valuables to all.

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Capital Stock Paid In \$100,000.00  
Surplus \$27,000.00

HENRY C. GANT, PRESIDENT.  
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## THE Sebree Springs Hotel

Is now open and those wishing to spend a pleasant week cannot do better than go to Sebree. Good water. Good music. Good fare. Reasonable rates. Nice box ball alley on grounds to amuse you and exercise the muscles.

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BARBERS,

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Especially Attention given to Patrons, Clean Linen, Satisfactory Service. Call and be convinced.

Bath Rooms in Connection.  
Baths 25 cents.  
Leave Orders for

POOL'S ORCHESTRA.



The boy stood on the burning deck,  
Well, suppose the youngster did?  
What else could any one expect,  
Of almost any kid?  
If he had owned a Surprise Spring  
They'd found him laying down;  
Of all the beds they are the thing,  
Call and see them when in town

At Pyle & Smithson's

### Summer Excursion Rates.

Commencing May 15th and continuing to September 30th the Illinois Central will sell round trip tickets as follows: Cerulean Springs 80c, Dawson Springs \$1.70, Crittenden Springs \$3.25, Grayson Springs \$5.80. All tickets will be limited to October 31st for return.

### TEASIN'.

When the cannas are unfoldin' their broad  
heavy leaves an' green,  
An' maw keeps me totin' water for the  
beldai wreaths an' things,  
An' the ragweeds are a-growin' fastest  
things ye ever seen,  
An' the young barebacked mockin' birds  
are wishin' they had wings,  
An' I'm drivin' nails an' twinnin' things ter  
glory vines to climb,  
Then I know the little sunfish are a-bitin'  
by the dam;  
Then I hate the totin' water an' I'm frettin'  
all the time,  
An' I'm teasin' to go fishin' an' go bare-  
foot; but I am!

Oh, I'm wishin' to go barefoot where the  
sluggish river flows,  
An' I want to go a-wadin' in the flats, be-  
low the dam,  
An' I want to feel the mud a-squashin' up  
between my toes,  
An' I'm tired totin' water fer the flowers,  
yes I am!  
An' I want to pick de lilies leanin' down-  
ard from the brink,  
An' I want to see my fishline to my toe  
an' go to sleep  
Where the path winds round an' downward  
an' the cattle come to drink,  
An' the river's smooth as glass an' brown  
an' deep.

Oh, the illy pads are layin' where I want  
to go an' fish,  
An' I'm tired pulling ragweeds an' work-  
in' all day long,  
An' I want to go a-fishin' an' go barefoot,  
an' I wish  
I was far out in the country where the  
meadow smell is strong!  
I'm the time I put my shoes on an' my  
stockin's in the fall  
I'm a-feelin', swear to goodness, like I'm  
wearin' clubs fer feet!  
An' I'm longin' for the springtime when  
I'll hear the bluebird call,  
An' my feet'll feel the ticklin' of the fresh  
green grass an' sweet.  
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

### MR. LIVINGSTON'S FIRST AUTOMOBILE.

BY MELVILLE BARCLAY.

Mr. Stuyvesant Livingston did not want an automobile, but his wife did, and, much to Mr. Livingston's disgust, Mrs. Livingston's wants became noised abroad, which accounted for the fact that one morning at breakfast he was interrupted by his servant.

"A gentleman, Col. Bagley, to see you, sir," said the servant.

"Certainly," said Mr. Livingston, and he crossed the hall, entered the reception-room, and confronted a tall, well-dressed stranger of pronounced military bearing.

"Mr. Livingston, I believe," began the visitor brusquely. "I'm Col. Bagley, of the Forty-second infantry. I owe an apology for calling at such an unusual hour, but I just heard that you are looking for an automobile, and as I must leave for San Francisco to-night, it is now or never with me. Of course it is impossible for me to take my automobile with me to the Philippines, and so I feel obliged to dispose of it. Yesterday I came up to Rye to spend the night with my friends the Van Martyns. Telling them that I wished to sell my machine they recalled having heard that you wished to buy one. Accordingly, I have taken an early drive across the country to catch you before you should leave for town. Won't you step out just a moment and look at it? It's the latest thing, brought over from Paris by Fournier only a few weeks ago. It's perfectly new and I'm willing to sacrifice."

Mr. Livingston stepped forward, seized his visitor by the arm, and whispered: "It's all a mistake, colonel—all a mistake! You've been misled! I don't want an automobile! I would as soon mount a man-eating tiger! Take the thing away, my dear sir; take it away!"

"But I was informed—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Livingston, excitedly, "I know! I know! But it's a joke—an absurd joke! Take the thing away—and," he added, "come to see me at my office this afternoon, and I may be able to put you in the way of finding a customer. But for God's sake, sir, don't let my wife set eyes on the four-wheeled horror!"

But Mrs. Livingston had heard. "Stuyvesant," she called, then appeared in the reception-room.

An introduction could not be avoided, and—well, that is how Mr. Livingston became possessed of an automobile.

The visitor left with a very substantial check, and as Livingston drove to the train in his drag he was filled with a lively anticipation of trouble to come. As he looked back moodily, he saw three of his stablemen, under the direction of Mrs. Livingston, making praiseworthy efforts to induce the "four-wheeled horror" to enter the coach-house.

"That is only the beginning!" he groaned. "What in heaven's name will be the end?"

Mr. Livingston came home from town early that day, and was confronted with the enthusiastic determination of his wife to take a trial spin immediately.

"Of course," remarked Mrs. Livingston, as her husband stepped into the auto with the air of a condemned man, "I don't thoroughly understand the affair, but Mrs. Stevens can drive

one, so there can't be much art in it. Which way shall we go?"

"How should I know?" growled Livingston. "I don't care, and I don't suppose we shall have much choice in the matter, anyway."

He was about right in that final declaration. At the outset the machine was safely steered down the driveway and into the broad highway; then it suddenly stopped, but almost instantly started up again, swung half-way around, and attempted a cross-country run. A friendly stone-heap, however, intervened in the nick of time, or the spin would have ended abruptly in the ditch.

This was the first of many trifling mishaps, and even Mrs. Livingston was beginning to lose heart, when the machine seemed all at once to settle down into good behavior. It headed straight down the road as sedately as though a cart horse was drawing it, and then, as the power was let on a little more, it sped along more and more swiftly in a manner that was exhilarating even to the disgruntled and it must be confessed somewhat frightened Livingston.

"Perfectly splendid, isn't it?" ejaculated the excited Mrs. Livingston. "It is simply delightful!"

They had been bowling along on the road overlooking the Hudson at the rate of 20 miles or more an hour, and presently swept past the gloomy walls of the state prison in the pretty village of Ossining. As they went by several officers were rushing out, and, scattering in different directions, hastened away. The atmosphere was surcharged with excitement, and Livingston instinctively divined the cause.

"There's been a break, I guess," he said. "A prisoner has escaped."

By that time the prison was out of sight several miles behind them. "A convict escaped!" exclaimed Mrs. Livingston. "How perfectly delightful! I wonder which way he went? I do hope," she added, sympathetically, "that the poor fellow has got a good start."

She had stopped the auto, and was standing up to obtain a better view of the country. At that moment a puff of wind playfully deprived Mr. Livingston of his straw hat. He was about to leave his seat in pursuit, when he found that his wife had already sportively anticipated him. The chase was longer than she looked for, however. Again and again she almost attained her object only to be cheated by another gust of wind; but at last she was successful, and turned toward the automobile again. She gave only one look, then dropped the elusive headgear again, standing in the middle of the road transfixed with astonishment.

This is what she saw: A burly giant in the striped dress of a convict had usurped her place, and the automobile under the control of a master hand was flying down the road with the speed of an express train.

"Stop, Stuyvesant! Stop!" shrieked Mrs. Livingston. "Do you hear me? Stop!"

If Mr. Livingston heard, which is doubtful, he was powerless to obey. As for the convict, he paid no attention. Mrs. Livingston's wish had been fulfilled in rather startling fashion—the "poor fellow" had certainly got a "good start!"

"Your coat and waistcoat! I want 'em! Quick!"

The terrified Mr. Livingston had already felt the iron grip of his unwelcome companion, and he surrendered the articles without a murmur.

"Good!" exclaimed the fugitive, as he wriggled into a coat many sizes too small for him. "Now I'll take your pants! Any use in offering you my clothes in exchange? What? You prefer to risk a chill! Very good. Over they go!"

Suited the action to the word, the fellow threw his discarded garments into the bushes, and then gave close attention to increasing the speed of the machine.

"This road leads straight to Brookside, doesn't it?" he demanded, after a few minutes' silence.

"Yes."

"Any police in the village?"

"Several, I believe," said Livingston.

"H'm!" muttered the fellow, "that's awkward! They'll be on the lookout, though they'll hardly expect two of us, and in an automobile. I'm glad I didn't throw you overboard, as I thought of doing a minute ago. With ordinary luck we shall rush the village before we are suspected."

The fugitive, however, had reckoned without Mrs. Livingston. The lady had fortunately encountered a couple of mounted police. To them she told her story, and with the information thus received one of the of-

ficers continued his pursuit, while the other tore back to the prison and dispatched a message to Brookside, telling the authorities there to be on the lookout for an escaped prisoner in an automobile with another man.

A little river passes under the county road just before the village of Brookside is reached. A bridge spans the stream, and in the center of this structure a barricade consisting of a convenient fallen tree and some old lumber was hastily thrown across the street. Several constables and an eager crowd of villagers awaited the coming of Mr. Livingston and his companion. Down the steep grade leading to the bridge came the automobile at a terrific pace. As it turned a sharp corner its occupants caught a first sight of the barricade and of the crowd prepared to receive them. The constables shouted to them to stop. It was not yet too late to avert the disaster that confronted them, and for one brief moment the driver appeared to hesitate. It was only for a moment, however. Then, snapping his teeth together, he crowded on full speed and headed straight for the barricade.

There was a resounding crash at the impact. The automobile nearly surmounted the pile, but, tangled in the debris, swung half around, and striking the low parapet of the bridge, brought up abruptly. As though hurled from a catapult, Mr. Livingston and his desperate companion were thrown upward, and went flying through the air into the river.

When a few moments later Mr. Livingston came to himself, a dripping constable who had gallantly rescued him was bending over him trying to restore animation, while a crowd of curious spectators looked on wondering. As the half-drowned man opened his eyes he was met to astonishment, despite his condition, to see his rescuer produce a pair of handcuffs with the remark: "And now, as you're all right again, you'll have to come along with me."

"Why? What am I charged with?" feebly demanded Mr. Livingston.

"Firstly, with assisting a convict to escape."

"What?" gasped Mr. Livingston.

"And secondly," calmly proceeded the officer, "with stealing an automobile—the property of Col. Bagley."

"Oh, go on!" ejaculated Mr. Livingston, resignedly. "Make it wife-desertion as well!"

The officer severely remarked that if his prisoner had any more crimes on his conscience he had better wait until he got into the police court before confessing, or at least until he could consult his lawyer.

At this point of the proceedings the pursuing officer from the prison arrived on the scene and explained the situation. The local constable promptly released Mr. Livingston with profuse apologies, and that unfortunate victim of circumstances learned that he was out of the scrape better than his late traveling companion, who, with a broken leg and a broken arm, lay groaning on the ground near by.

He was also informed that the automobile, now a complete wreck, was not—and never had been—his property. He had purchased the vehicle not from Col. Bagley, but from that gentleman's chauffeur, who had stolen it. The thief got safely away with his booty, and was never heard from again, but that did not trouble Mr. Livingston.

"I got out of it cheap," he said, when his Wall street friends undertook to joke him about his escapade.

His experience on the highway only awakened a sleeping enthusiasm in the joys of auto-driving, and a few weeks later he purchased a new machine of a better and more responsible make.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Legal Exhibits.

What are known as "exhibits" in law cases range from sheets of paper to boilers and other large articles. At various times, says the London Tit-Bits, an omnibus, a motor-car, and a cab have been on view in the private roadway by the side of the law courts, and as these articles could not be brought into the witness-box the judge and jury have had to go out and inspect them in the open. One of the most ponderous "exhibits" ever brought before any of his majesty's tribunals was a large ship's boiler furnace, which was conveyed from Swansea for inspection in an action heard before Mr. Justice Walton the other day.

### A Tiny Legislature.

The upper house of the "Tynwald," or parliament of the Isle of Man, consists of eight members only.

## Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic

has stood the test 25 years. Average Annual Sales over One and a Half Million bottles. Does this record of merit appeal to you? No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

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